

## Murderous Bullet Upholds Prohibition Amendment

Chas. B. Farmer, in the New York World.

"The nose of Cleopatra—if it had been shorter, the history of the world would have been changed."—Pascal.

If "Angel Dunc" Cooper's head had been covered with thick, waving locks, one might be able today to buy a drink on Broadway and Main Street. But "Angel Dunc's" head was bald, and because the late Senator Edward Ward Carmack ridiculed that poll we enjoy the manifold blessings of prohibition.

Col. Duncan Brown Cooper, "a spark from the smoldering ashes of the old South," died recently in Nashville, Tenn. His death forever closed the Cooper-Carmack tragedy that split the south a decade and a half ago. But the Nation-wide prohibition that sprang from the ashes of the tragedy, we have with us.

When the South issued its call to the colors in '61, Duncan Brown Cooper, seventeen years old, of one of Tennessee's most aristocratic families, entered the Confederate army.

The stacking of arms in '65 found Cooper a battalion commander in "Hell Roaring" Forrest's cavalry. Only the bravest of the brave wore epaulets in that outfit, commanded by one of the most intrepid cavalry leaders America has ever produced.

"Dunc" Cooper had lived up to the traditions of his race and caste. He had fought the good fight. But the spirit of wanderlust, which seeps into many an ex-soldier's veins, entered his. In the early '70's he mined in Mexico. He built railroads in Honduras. He made and lost fortunes in the true cavalier spirit.

Back to the States. He began contracting in Washington. The foundation of the Washington Monument, left unfinished in 1876, was turned over to him to complete. Under the supervision of army engineers he twisted the structure around to square with the compass.

While the gay young cavalier was becoming intimate with Washington politicians and learning ways that are useful to men who would control the destiny of states, a little tow-headed, chap named Ned Carmack was struggling through Caesar's Wars at "Sawney" Webb's famous preparatory school in Tennessee.

### Supported His Mother.

Ned Carmack was the son of a poor Primitive Christian preacher who spread the Gospel near Castilian Springs in Sumner county. Ned's father died when the lad was three years old. When he could hold the reins Ned ploughed for neighbors at 25 cents a day and supported his mother through bitter years of poverty.

Carmack was one of Sawney's most brilliant pupils. The schoolmaster predicted a great career for him. Sawney was not disappointed. Carmack soon was reading law, and then practicing it in a small town.

One night in the 80's, Cooper, to whom poker was the elixir of life, joined a group of friends in Mooney's saloon in Nashville. Mooney's was Mooney's—and no ordinary saloon. It was the hangout of the gentry, where gentlemen gamblers (there was such a breed once) consorted with plain gentlemen.

The stakes ran high that night. Old Lady Luck began to hover over Cooper's shoulder. Once she smiled quickly, and Cooper raked in a jackpot that would have bought Man o' War as a two-year-old. Cooper smiled easily, and asked if the gentlemen wished a chance to get some of it back?

### Play Through Night.

They did. Throughout the night they played, with varying luck. Lawyers, doctors, judges, merchants, the cop on the beat, and a few journalists dropped in from time to time to see how matters were going.

"Dunc's raked in another pot," would be the word carried out to the front of the house, where the brass rail was being pawed by the night birds.

"Dunc lost the last one," would be the next message, as another whisky straight was h'isted. The bartender would smile incriminatingly.

Dawn approached. A group of bleary-eyed men shuffled their cards. The gaslight was flickering in the thick tobacco smoke. Duncan Cooper looked at his cards. There was not the slightest change of expression on his face. But old Lady Luck, still hovering over his shoulder, smiled broadly. Every one anted-up. It was

the last pot of the night. When that hand was played Duncan Brown Cooper would be either a wealthy man or dead broke.

Somebody raised. Without flicking an eyelash Cooper nonchalantly pushed a stock of chips toward the center of the torn green cloth—and yawned.

Some one called. Cooper threw his cards down carelessly.

"You win, Dunc," a hoarse voice said. Chips worth thousands of dollars passed to Cooper's side. One player owed \$175,000—and didn't have a cent left with which to liquidate his indebtedness.

"I own the controlling stock in the Nashville American—it's yours," he said, or words to that effect.

And that was how Col. Duncan Brown Cooper became the publisher of one of Tennessee's most prominent dailies.

Cooper had already served in the state legislature. But he found more fun in pulling the string that made political puppets dance than in being a puppet himself. He became a political boss of gigantic power, his paper his chief instrument.

### Prestige of Family.

He had not only the prestige that went with influence but also that of family. His wife was a cousin of President James K. Polk. One brother, Edmund, had been private secretary to Andrew Johnson; another, William, was Chief Judge of the Tennessee Supreme Court, and Harry Cooper was also prominent in politics.

Cooper knew the intricacies of the counting room, but he was no man of the study. The American, a flourishing daily, needed new blood to enliven its editorial pages. Some one showed the colonel a few editorials written for a paper by a country lawyer, Ned Carmack.

Cooper was quick to spot talent in them. "Get that man on my paper," he ordered.

Up from Columbia came the gawky lawyer, clad in homespun. That was in '86. His editorials attracted attention. So did his clothes. A brother worker gently hinted one day that the man who could write such powerful editorials should dress the part accordingly. So Ned Carmack went to a tailor, and under careful tutelage soon flowered like the lily of the field.

Cooper and Carmack became boon companions. The older man admired the mental traits of the younger, who was beginning to ripen. Carmack also had served a term in the legislature, and his tongue was running his pen a close race for laurel wreaths.

Cooper became a national figure in inner political circles. He spent much of his time in Washington, where he was admired by President Cleveland and Democratic leaders, who realized the power he held down South. The years were beginning to tell on the cavalier. His locks began to thin. Duncan Cooper was becoming bald.

Carmack was blossoming into virile manhood. He had learned the ways of the world. In 1889 he founded the Nashville Democrat, and when it was merged with the American he became editor-in-chief. In 1892 he was made editor of the Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Carmack was another Henry Waterson—with a bit more vitriol in his ink bottle, and less of the milk of human kindness in his bosom. Where Cooper was the suave cavalier, Carmack was the dominating master of men. Cooper let other men carry out his wishes. Carmack began to carry out his own.

### Wins Congress Seat.

In 1896 Carmack defeated for congress in the 10th Tennessee Congressional district Josiah Patterson, another famous old warhorse of the reconstruction period. Carmack's flights of oratory made him famous throughout the state. But where Cooper made only friends, and those the kind that clung to him with tentacles of steel, Carmack made friends who would die for him—and enemies who would readily have killed him.

The wheel of political fortune turned and Carmack was sent to the United States senate. That was in 1901. Roosevelt had just thrown his hat on the White House sofa, and was beginning to show his teeth. Carmack had just tasted real power, and was beginning to discover the lash hidden beneath his tongue.

And Col. Duncan Brown Cooper was becoming a little more fat, a little

more opinionated, and—a little more bald.

Cooper loved a man who was a fighter. That may have been one of the reasons for his attachment to Ned Carmack. It also accounted for the admiration that he began to feel for Theodore Roosevelt. Roosevelt was a Republican—but also a fighting gentleman. Cooper expressed his admiration for him openly, and eventually put his legs under the president's hospitable table.

Down at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue, Carmack watched "Dunc" flirting around the White House. He couldn't stomach Roosevelt, and for Dunc to go salaaming in that door was too much for "the Hot-spur of Tennessee politics." No doubt he told Duncan just what he thought of it.

Every one knows that Carmack didn't hesitate to say in the senate what he thought of the president. One day, he arose and said dryly:

"Mr. Roosevelt reminds me of a horse which I owned as a young man down in Tennessee. In some respects he was a pretty fair kind of a horse. But he had only one gait—that of running away."

Roosevelt's skin was as tender then as it ever was. The barb sank deep, and the man who shot it was never forgiven.

But he wasn't the only man to feel the lash of that tongue. Carmack said this of Gen. Funston. "He is the Jayhawk brigadier of the windswept plains, the mightiest Sampson that ever wielded the jawbone of an ass as a weapon of war."

Foraker, Dolliver, and even old bull-roaring Tillman began to fear that tongue whose words cut like a black-snake whip. The Tennesseean became the delight of the galleries, and the dread of the opposition. When the McCumber Civil Service bill terminated the war of '60 the "War of the Rebellion" Carmack fought until the title, "Civil War," was officially adopted.

### Name Anathema.

From one end of Pennsylvania Avenue to another his name was anathema. He was the one senator who never attended presidential functions. He was the one man, possibly, before whom Roosevelt quailed. Carmack had let his tongue wag too frequently. He had spoken out of his time. He seemed to delight in making others squirm. At last he realized his power. He knew he was the mental superior of many men around him—and he didn't hesitate to show it. He waved his peacock feathers too frequently. He was the product, not of a class, but of his own mentality.

"Back home" politics was being talked again. The direct primary system had been inaugurated. Former Gov. Taylor, the brother of "Al" Taylor, who was Tennessee's governor last year, became infected with senatorial itch. Nothing could be done for it except to let him run against Carmack.

In the meanwhile Cooper had lost and regained control of the American a couple of times. Now he no longer had it, but he was still a power in politics. He had grown dignified, more emphatic in his opinions—and bald!

The slight rift that had appeared between the two friends when "Dunc" began flirting around the White House now was a chasm. Cooper said Carmack was building up a powerful political machine—a machine that was menacing Cooper's political power. Cooper said it was a machine the like of which Tennessee had never seen before.

Cooper was right. Carmack was building up a machine. But it was not a machine in the ordinary sense of the word. The man's dauntless idealism appealed to the masses, his heroic oratorical gestures brought to his side men who had never taken particular interest in politics before. They were primarily for Ned Carmack and not especially for the things for which he stood. It was a case of a leader making a cause.

### Against Whisky Ring.

Those who were closest to Carmack said he knew Cooper's ways all too well, and was brocking the older man's schemes. Then the whisky ring began to poke its head into politics too frequently. Carmack may not have cared for a drop when the spirit called, but he didn't fancy the breed that peddled it. Cooper had the whisky crowd at his back, and never made any bones about it.

This was in 1906. Cooper sponged the cause of Taylor with a mighty splash. That was the unpardonable sin in Carmack's eyes.

Carmack and Taylor went campaigning through the hills and vales of Tennessee, and Taylor won.

(Continued on page 2, column 1.)

## At the Christmas Party



## Urges Respect for Prohibition Law

Washington, Dec. 20.—High government officials, governors, judges and members of congress, were asked today by Representative Upshaw, Democrat, of Georgia, in a speech in the house, to emulate Marshal Foch, who "refused to touch intoxicants while on American soil out of respect for the dry constitution."

"No longer must the higher-ups say 'go,'" shouted Mr. Upshaw. "They must say 'come.' Anything less than this will be a farce and a scandal. Timorous souls have never inspired anybody. This is no time for pussy-footing utterances and actions on the part of our state and national leaders."

Mr. Upshaw urged that the president issue "a ringing Christmas proclamation calling every citizen and especially every official to total abstinence for the common good." Referring to the recent governors' conference, he said, "Let these governors, led by the president and vice-president of the United States and all members of the cabinet walk out in the open and lift their hands before high heaven and take a new oath of allegiance to the whole constitution and the American flag."

"Let them sacredly declare," said Mr. Upshaw, "that regardless of what their tastes and practices have been they will never again build up a bootleggers' barbarous business by drinking any form or any amount of illicit liquors at any dinner, at any function, or in any ballroom or any back alley." Let every member of congress and every United States Senator follow suit. Let every state and federal judge and every prosecuting attorney stand up like patriotic men and declare they will never again personally trample the constitution which they have sworn to obey and defend."

### Begin at Home.

Declaring the "plain people" laugh at high sounding pronouncements, because they believed that "many high officials believe in that 'h-falutin' autoocracy which claims the privilege of buying and drinking illicit liquors themselves while denying the privilege to the poor devils down among the masses who are foolish enough to want the opportunity to buy and drink illicit liquid damnation." Mr. Upshaw said that if these governors who put their feet under the president's mahogany at the White House really wish to get anywhere in their conferences for law enforcement let them remember what the beloved and immortal Sam Jones said: "If you want to reform the world begin on yourself."

Mr. Upshaw commended Commander Alvin Owsley, of the American legion, who, he said, had declared he would not touch a drop of liquor while head of the legion and then launched an attack on

Governor Parker, of Louisiana, who he said, had asserted at the recent governors' conference at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., that prohibition is a failure.

"I can not," he said, "close this honest, desperate Christmas exhortation to the governors of America and all other high officials without the inevitable observation that the conference of governors will be in a bad fix and will leave the president and his cabinet and the whole country in a bad fix if they are all down with the same complaint which afflicts that visionary hero of windmills, the fantastic governor of Louisiana. Hitherto holding him in high esteem, we have seen him plunge from his high pedestal of state and national confidence by rushing to the nation's capital for help to free his state from the tumultuous reign of goblins and wizards," when his own representatives in both branches of congress, Protestant and Catholic, rise up to discount his flaming follies, declaring that Louisiana is beautifully tranquil and grandly able to take care of her own police powers. And now, Governor Parker comes forth with the dismal words to the governors' meeting on West Virginia soil that "prohibition is a flat failure." Thus he indicts the majority of citizens of his state as law-breakers and liars. I do not believe it. Shades of American heroism!

Paraphrasing the words of the judge to the man who is going to be hung—May the Lord have mercy on his timorous soul! If prohibition is a failure in Louisiana or any other state it is because the women made a mistake when they got married and the people made a mistake when they elected a governor!"

### FILE JEFFORDS'S WILL.

Mother and Widow Get Bulk of Belongings.

The last will and testament of Frank M. Jeffords was filed yesterday with the judge of probate for Richland county. The paper was executed last Thursday, the day before his execution and was witnessed by a lawyer and two officers of the state prison.

Jeffords bequeathed his belongings to his mother, widow and other relatives. He asked that his body be given a proper and Christian burial and that his widow choose the spot for his last resting place. The will provides that his mother have all his interests under the terms of his father's will during the term of her natural life and at her death the property is to be equally divided between surviving brothers and sisters. Various pieces of personal property such as rings, pins, cuff buttons and watches are bequeathed to relatives. Jeffords named his widow as executrix of his estate.

The funeral of Jeffords was held at 10 o'clock yesterday morning at Elmwood cemetery.—The State.

## Jeffords Dies in Electric Chair

Columbia, Dec. 22.—The death cells in the South Carolina State prison tonight were empty.

The sole occupant since prison officials decided to remove all prisoners not under sentence to die on a definite date to the ordinary cell blocks, today paid the penalty for his offense against the laws. Shortly after 10 o'clock this morning, Frank M. Jeffords, one of the slayers of J. C. Arnette, his partner in business, marched out of the cell which he had occupied since early last summer. At 10.17 o'clock he sat in the chair of death and at 10.20 the electric current that snuffed out his life was turned on. The current was gradually increased from 500 to 1900 and four minutes later attending physicians announced that the State's claim against Jeffords had been collected.

This afternoon Jeffords's wife claimed his body. No announcement was made as to when or where it would be buried.

Jeffords, according to prison officials, was one of the calmest men that ever went to the electric chair in this State. He stood with his hands behind his back, his legs spread slightly apart and leaning slightly forward, while Capt. Roberts, of the prison guard, read to him the death warrant. Newspaper correspondents, who with Capt. Roberts were the only persons present in the cell when the warrant was read, with bared heads. All felt the tensify of the situation. But Jeffords, the man most concerned in the whole affair, showed not a trace of emotion.

### Wants Grip Sent On.

"Have you anything to say?" the captain of the guard asked the condemned man.

"Nothing, sir, except that you see that my grip is sent on," was the reply. He added that his belongings were in his grip in the cell except his Bible, which he said, would be there when the prison officials came for the bag.

Two letters in his pockets he asked be turned over to his brother. This was done without the contents being made public.

Entering the chamber where his execution was to take place, Jeffords again was the calmest person present. He walked firmly and as he neared greeted the two score witnesses with cool "good morning gentlemen." Seated in the chair, he said that he wanted all to see in his execution an example and that he was ready to go. Then he repeated the Twenty-third Psalm and as he added the word "Amen" the current was turned on ending his life.

While Jeffords was being executed, Ira Harrison, confessed slayer of Arnette and under sentence to die on February 16, unless the Supreme Court interferes, lay in a state of semi-consciousness in the prison hospital. Harrison has been in this condition for more than two weeks. He was sentenced to die today along with Jeffords but an appeal to the Supreme Court resulted in a stay of execution and Governor Harvey reprieved him until February 16.

### HARRISON WANTS SHAVE

But The Request of Prisoner Is Not Granted.

Columbia, Dec. 23.—Ira Harrison, who has apparently been in a state of coma since being sentenced on Dec. 9 to die in the electric chair on Friday, December 22, for the murder of J. C. Arnette today asked prison attendants to give him a shave and hair cut. His request was not granted. Harrison apparently relapsed into a state of coma after making the request and paid no attention to remarks directed to him.

Harrison was reprieved to February 16, by Governor Harvey on December 21, after his attorneys had appealed from a decision of Justice Cothran declining to issue a stay until the Supreme Court can pass upon a request for the appointment of a lunacy commission.

### Authorizes Bridge.

Washington, Dec. 23.—The Senate today passed Senator Dial's bill authorizing the counties of Marlboro and Darlington to construct a bridge across the Great Pee Dee river at Society Hill, S. C.

Lady Astor recently gave \$1,000 to Radcliffe College as a contribution toward a hall of political discussion.